THE PACIFIC

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THE QUEST.

"Oh! that I knew where I might find Him,
And while our yearning souls thus cry our erring feet
Are seeking Him amid the haunts of rank and power,
Leaving the byways, where He might be found,
Turning our steps at each illusive sound,
And while we seek, He lingers where we seek him not,
Within the heart of each day's common hour.

"Oh! that I knew where I might find Him.
In things profound we plunge, amid
Keen mysteries of thought we seek His form to trace,
Ofttimes in darkness groping, all our care
To gain His presence, and yet everywhere
Amid the mundane things of life He may be found;
In every bush bird's song He has a place.

"Oh! that I knew where I might find Him.
And while we yearn, we dream of lofty flight,
Forgetting step by step the heights are found,
That every holy act brings Him more near.
That even on the dusty highway drear
His prints are seen, moving among us as a guest,
But oft forgotten in life's common round."

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

THE JAPANESE PROBLEM.

In the adjustment of the relations between the United States and Japan there will be disclosed a bigger problem than many of the people of this country have anticipated. Some people have realized it all along, but many have not. It was disclosed in embryo in the remark made by Professor Nagai of Waseda University, in an address at Tokio a few days ago, and reported extensively in this country by the associated press. Speaking against the discriminating legislation in California Professor Nagai said:

"God made the white and colored peoples equal. Unless we claim equality we shall fail to carry out God's wishes."

This address was given at a large mass meeting arranged for by the educational and business interests, and which had among its attendants several members of the Japanese parliament. The remark here quoted was greeted with prolonged cheering.

All who are informed as to the Japanese people know that this remark represents a profound sentiment, and that without exception by every proper method they are determined to urge their claims until a position inferior to none of the great peoples and nations of the world is accorded them. In another age they would have resorted to war to secure this. Some of them desire war now. But the probabilities are that the judgment of the more advanced will be acquiesced in, and no war be precipitated.

Commenting on this remark by Professor Nagai, the Sacramento Union says: "We deny his postulate. We insist that the white and colored races presumably are what God intended them to be, and they certainly are not equal. Are the naked black savages of central Africa the equals of men of the race that has given to the world all the great inventions of modern civilized mankind? Are the red Indians of California and other states the equals of the white men who took their places solely because the former was the inferior race? As for the brown peoples, long ago they marched in the van of progress, but then some innate defect revealed itself, and since that day they have stood still and marked time. It is true that the Japanese recently have shown a tendency to rouse from this comatose condition, and we congratulate them that this is so, but the fact remains no less evident that the time-marking brown peoples in general are not the equals of the white peoples who do things."

That Union editorial must have been written hurriedly, for all thoughtful men know that in the sense in which Professor Nagai intended it the Japanese are our equals.

The framers of our Declaration of Independence, an immortal document, wrote: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that **all men are created equal**; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That is what Professor Nagai meant. No other construction can be put upon his words, and it is folly for any paper to try to confuse the issue among intelligent people.

In the matter of attainment the Japanese are, all of them, just as much our equals as are the hordes of Europeans whom we allow to enter our land without protest.

We believe that the Japanese are inspired of God when they take a stand against discriminatory legislation and race prejudice.

Inasmuch as the few Japanese now in California and the few allowed to enter now and then by government passport were not a public menace, it is quite impossible for the Japanese people to look on this legislation otherwise than they do—as something uncalled for and demanding vehement protest.

We shall not be surprised to see this legislation in California leading up speedily to a pronouncement on the part of the courts on the question of the eligibility of Japanese to citizenship and a decision favorable thereto on the ground that they are not Mongolians but a mixture of Caucasian and Malay.

We are profoundly of the conviction that there are no inherent differences between races and that some day they will blend.

Some of our people talk about this being a white man's country and always to remain so, ignorant of the fact that scientists and ethnologists assert that both the white man and the negro in the United States are evolving toward the type of red man.

In the space of one hundred and fifty years, says E. Reclus, the negro has surmounted a good fourth of the distance which separates him from the whites.

According to Guiseppe Sergi, Professor Brinton and other ethnologists, "the white race, the ethnographical pride of Europe, is only the direct fruit of a negroid race, the Euro-African, established in Europe from time immemorial, and who came from South Africa.

Jean Finot says that some consistency is given to this theory by the fact that a number of bones considered to be negroid have been found in different parts of Europe.

A. De Quatrefages, professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History in Paris, says: "Amongst the whites there are entire populations whose skin is as black as of the darkest negro; on the other hand there are in Africa yellow negros who are the color of light mahogany."

A. H. Keane of University College, London, a noted anthropologist, quotes a traveler as saying: "It is curious how as to complexion the faces of Japanese differ from their bodies. In the course of two visits to Japan in which I traveled much in various parts of the country, I saw many hundreds of naked Japanese, the bathing of both sexes in company being at that time the rule. I was impressed with the fact that in spite of their sallow or yellowish complexions their bodies were whiter than those of English men or English women."

The blood of the black man, the brown man and the white man, shows no difference under microscopic examination. The blood of man and the blood of an animal do show a dif-

ference: Eminent authorities tell us that the blood of a negro can be injected into the body of a white man without detrimental effect, but that the blood of an animal cannot without damage.

Some day the people of the United States will get a world vision and will let the spirit of democracy have full sweep and sway. Evidently the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu, who has made a thorough study of the matter, believes that the time is already here for it. In the last number of "The Friend," he says:

"It is both foolish and futile in this era of world solidarity to ostracise any branch of the human family. The centripetal forces are bound to triumph over the centrifugal. Throughout the Far East the leading occidental minds are coming to a remarkable unanimity of agreement in advocating the abolishment of Asiatic exclusion by America as the first great act of world statesmanship worthy of our nation and imperatively demanded by the conditions confronting the two great continents. California seems to be forcing the nation's hand by her proposed proscriptive legislation. It is one of the last kicks of primitive man's narrow spirit of identification of stranger with enemy. That virile young State may yet deserve the thanks of mankind for her stubbornness in leaving the nation no other resource than justice and fraternity. If Congress would place the Asiatic on a level with all other races in eligibility for naturalization, follow this up by guarding American citizenship by requiring the passage of a stiff civil service examination in the English language upon American civics by every candidate for the franchise, and then enact a law admitting only a definite number of laboring men annually from each foreign country, we should get no more than we could assimilate healthfully and those aliens admitted to our citizenship would comprise the indomitable spirits so much needed to recruit our population. Those who know the Asiatic and compare him with the Southern European, the Russian Jew, the Armenian and Syrian have no patience with the oft-repeated nonsense that the Asiatic cannot and will not assimilate. The truth is that he does assimilate with great rapidity, that if admitted to our citizenship he would make a thoroughly characteristic and devoted American, and that in the event of conflict with his former homeland, his loyalty to his adopted nation would be unquestioned. Let Congress repeal the law excluding the Asiatic from naturalization and it will have rendered the largest single service to humanity possible to it just at this juncture in international relations."

THE UPLIFTED FACE.

Rev. G. B. Hallock.

"The clouds are always beautiful and clear, no matter what is in the house. Just look up, mamma!" said a little girl to her mother, as they stood on the doorstep of the dingy factory tenement. The mother looked up. There were the billowy white clouds, and as she looked at them she forgot the dirt and discomfort around her. It is a good thing to look up. God is in the heaven above us, and when we see the clouds let us remember that they are around about His throne.

There is a lessen in the Bible about the uplifted face. "Then shalt thou lift thy face without spot." This phrase, found in the Book of Job, is extremely beautiful as a figure of speech, and at the same time very expressive of certain facts in religious experience. It expresses the attitude of a soul at peace with God according to the provisions and terms of the Gospel. Confidence is implied in this utterance, for a man without peace and confidence will hang his head with guilt and shame, not fit it up without spot. It would be well for us to cultivate more the grace of the uplifted face, the look of trust and confidence in our heavenly Father. He is good; His attitude towards us is loving; His acts are wise. Let us lift up our faces toward Him without spot, without any dark form of distrust or doubt.

Again, in the uplifted face fellowship is involved. We dare to look steadily, with the uplifted face, upon those we know and love and whom we are sure know and love us. "Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot," when you have fellowship with God; not alone when you have confidence in Him, but when you know Him and are on terms of intimacy with Him.

Furthermore, a degree of happiness and cheer is involved in the face uplifted without spot. The uplifted face implies a degree of happiness, and increasing happiness results from the uplifted face. Do we realize the fact that there is hope and cheer in the very state of looking up? If you are sad or in sorrow or burdened, try looking up. Look up into the sky. See the hilltops, the fleecy clouds and the blue heaven beyond. The fact is, we all look down too much. We look down when we are at our work, when we are ashamed.

A young man suffering from nervous trouble was recently told by an eminent specialist to get out into the country, to take a field glass with him and study the habits of the birds. It was the very counsel which Jesus gave to troubled men of long ago, "Behold the fowls of the air."

A woman who had lost her first-born and only child fell into a sort of unsettled state of sorrow and melancholy. She was a Christian, but she seemed to find it impossible to be comforted. A wise friend told her to look up, to try looking up into the sky often every day. She testified that it broke the spell of her melancholy and that it had proven of immense help and had brought comfort to her.

Let us lift up our eyes and our hearts with them, to larger and nobler things—to joyous things. David in exile once exclaimed: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help." What David saw was the temple and the prayers that ascended from it, the sacrifices there offered, with the smoke ascending to heaven. He heard the music of the temple choir. He became conscious of the truths there uttered, and they became real and precious in his memory. Yes, he came into fellowship with God Himself. This is the advantage of the upward look. It brings us both into consciousness of God and into fellowship with Him. David was an exile, but by the upward look he saw these things, heard them and fully realized them.

Purity is also hinted at through that casual reference in Job. The face without spot is clean and pure. The spots make it unclean and in need of cleansing. "Lift up thy face without spot." Cleanse your heart, your mind, your thoughts—cultivate purity that you may be able to lift, up the face toward God.

A young Christian woman, speaking of her mother, said recently in conversation: "Mother always believes in people who look her straight in the face." We know a father who has long given a growing son the advice: "Whenever you speak to people look them straight in the face." There is honesty and purity implied in the uplifted face without spot. It is both indicative of honesty and conducive to increasing honesty and purity of heart and motive. Let us learn to lift up our faces toward God, saying:

"Search me, O God, and know my thoughts; try me and know my heart, and see if there be any wicked way in me,

and lead me in the way everlasting."

Then, too, beauty is implied in this phrase. The face that is covered with spots and stains has its beauty marred and perhaps really destroyed. Oh, that we may able to lift up our faces to God in the beauty of holiness! Holiness gives clear views of sin and leads men personally to abstain from all appearance of evil and to teach to do so. The holy man's skys are clear, his sun shines steadily, his eyes are on the throne, and he moves forward with unspeakable peace and with a certainty of victory, for he sees God and cannot doubt.

Holiness tarnsforms and transfigures men; it brightens the eye, quickens the step, exalts the life, makes faith perfect, renders vocal the silent tongue, cures heart-ache, banishes bitterness and satisfies the soul with good things. Holiness is heaven on earth and holy men and women are its ministering spirits, its earthy angels.

Let us seek this beauty—the beauty of holiness. Let us strive to be able to lift up the face without spot. Let us try to realize the transforming result of the uplifted face. The change is "from glory to glory," from one degree of spiritual beauty to a higher.

A Christian is sure to grow lovely by just loving—by just going on in love for Christ. It has been fabled from old times that the graceful swan was changed from a most ugly bird into its present beauty, merely because of its constancy to its mate. But, oh, how Christian fact is sure to outrun classic fable. The soul grows wondrously lovely just by loving, by pouring out its faithful affection; and all the more so when the object of its affection is the Lord Jesus Christ, the One altogether lovely. We behold His face—Jesus' face—as in a glass, and are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. Look up—up into the face of Christ!

Rochester, N. Y.

MORE MEDIEVAL HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

The Flood of 1861-2.

The early white settlers of California were often entertained by members of old Mexican families, and by Indians, with stories of great floods over the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, but gave little heed to them. Many high mounds were scattered about the valleys which the Indians had heaped up as places of refuge in flood times, but these were of little account to the immigrants. They built their cabins in the most convenient places, and covered the plains with their cattle in such numbers that there was no market for the meat, and great herds were slaughtered for their hides and tallow. Sacramento city was protected with poor levies on the north side and along the river, but few believed that these would ever be of any real use. The broad valleys were sown to wheat and barley, and thrifty young orchards of various fruits were everywhere. They "dreamed not of danger," and were as oblivious of a possible flood as were Noah's contemporaries.

Yet tradition proved true, and the flood came. December 1861 brought unprecedented rains, over all the western slopes. In California, all the rivers flowing from the Sierras swelled and overflowed and poured into the Sacramento and San Joaquin, and these, dammed with their own crookedness, and by the narrowness of Carquinez Strait, spread out over all the plains, a space from 25 to 50 miles wide, and 250 miles long. There was no refuge for men or beasts. Many thousands of cattle and swine were drowned and no one ever knew how many men, women and children. Most of the cheap dwellings were floated away, and those built firmly enough to withstand the flood lifted only their roofs for a refuge for their occupants. Dams, bridges, aqueducts, flumes and railway tracks were torn away and went floating in fragments out to sea, and the ocean, as far out as the Farallones, thirty miles away, was strewn with the wreck of houses and fences, and was amber colored with mud from the rivers. Steamers from San Francisco fought their way against the current and then out over the broad plains, to rescue the beseiged from roofs and tree tops, and crowds of these filled our city. Platt's Hall on Montgomery street, and other places available, were crowded with half naked and starving refugees, and thee resources of the benevolent were heavily taxed in providing for them.

The rains, with short intermissions, lasted nearly all winter. Sacramento was flooded six times and did not get dry once till spring. The Congregational church on I street was filled to the second floor, and the contents of the lower floor ruined. Most of the houses there kept boats at their front doors, if they could get them, and nearly all business was done as in Venice. Steamers had no need to follow river channels, but chose their own courses. One steamer with passengers and merchandise was sucked, broadside, through a break in the levee, and going around the city, made her way out near Sutter's Fort. Most steamers, for prudential reasons, kept near the river channels, which were marked by the rows of trees standing out above the muddy water, but many a mile was saved by short cuts.

The results of the flood were various. Great damage was done to mills, mining properties, bridges, etc., etc., many serious land slides destroyed a deal of valuable property, and covered a large area of fertile soil, some forests were swept away, and courses of streams were greatly changed. Many thousands of dollars worth of property were washed out to sea and lost forever, and on many ranches the labor and improvements of years were wholly lost. But there were compensations. New stores of gold came to light, and the soil of the valleys was greatly enriched. A farmer across the river from Marysville was saying, "My ranch is covered six feet deep with stones and sand, my orchard is ruined, and I am left penniless," and was answered, "Fie, in two years' time your land will produce such harvests as never before"—and so it turned out. Then millions of gophers and ground squirrels were drowned, and the wide valleys were freed from these pests. Then, for years the artesian wells had been drying up and hundreds of windmills had been chained up for lack of underground water, and now all were set free and working merrily, and large areas of drying land regained their fertility, and thus a host of ranchmen renewed their former prosperity. Many lives were lost, and great losses sustained, but on the whole the great flood proved a blessing to the state and the world.

Yet, I suppose that no one wishes or prays for the repetition of the blessing. California will yet again see great floods, but the people will be better prepared for them than they were for that of 1861-2, and will be better able to make the affliction a blessing.

Take life as you find it, but do not forget that it is neither the end nor the goal.

Never encourage a prejudice nor a frailty.

FUNDAMENTALS IN BUILDING UP THE SPIRITUAL LIFE OF A CHURCH.

Charles H. Burdick.

(A paper read at the recent meeting of the Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho Association).

The minister is the key man in the church. His life is reflected in a large measure by those to whom he ministers. The church is a kind of composite of the succession of pastors. What a mixture it must be in these times of relay service! The spiritual life of the church is often the last thing considered. The question of buildings equipment, organizaton, finances, and business efficiency, seems to be in the limelight. In the newer fields these ideas are naturally uppermost, in the nature of things. However, this is only a contributing cause. We have been laying great emphasis upon social service, moral and civic reform. We are greatly concerned over the high cost of living, wages, industrial co-operation, and many other subjects relating to our physical welfare. Sanitation is more emphasized than salvation. The economic waste of the liquor traffic makes a deeper impression upon us than its moral and spiritual havoc. The Black Plague gives more alarm than the sin that causes it.

In religious work it is easier to raise a hundred thousand dollars for a Y. M. C. A building, than a paltry sum for a church. Swimming pools, pool tables, gymnasiums and reading roms, appeal to the average business man far more than the Gospel. Settlement work has no difficulty in gaining the support of wealthy men. Young men and women of finest equipment are on the waiting lists, willing to pay for the privilege of living in a slum and doing social service, while there are thousand of churches in needy communities which cannot for any amount of love, obtain the Gospel preaching they need so much. The Salvation Army appeals strongly to benevolent men and women, and rightly so. But do you think that it is the spiritual birth of lost souls that touches the pocket book, or the changes in apearance wrought by soap soup and second hand clothing? A uniform and a job also make a strong appeal to a down-an-outer.

Much is said today in disparagement of the revival methods of yesterday. But revivals are more successful than ever before! They only need to be conducted upon a magnificent scale. Get Christian business men to invest a large enough sum as a guarantee fund and they will get out and "hustle" collections. It must be done to save the investment. A huge tabernacle appeals to the crowd, not because it looks like a church, but rather like a circus. To complete the attraction, a choir of five hundred voices to sing gospel songs to "two-step" time and an evangelist who is master of sensational and dramatic platform oratory characterized by physical force, loudness, extreme conservatism, and wholesale condemnation of self evident evils in a lurid and picturesque style, supported by a dozen high-priced special workers, singers and organizers, who marshall the churches, lodges, schools, business men, shopmen and old soldiers, organize personal workers and daily prayer meetings, and arrange other details, for a six week's campaign and a spectacular free will offering large enough to pay the Home Missionary Budget for the State of Washington and give the Gospel to a hundred needy communities for a whole year. The money is raised with enthusiasm. The public is impressed. They "hit the sawdust trail." Some appreciate the moral and spiritual significance of what they are doing. Many do not. The lasting value of the campaign depends almost entirely upon the work done by the churches beforehand and afterwards, and the spiritual element expressed in the prayer circles, and personal workers' classes which are the real back bone of the work. At the end, the workers are exhausted and the reaction follows, the time of heartbreaking for the pastors and workers. There is a residuum of precious gold after the debris has been cleared away. All this is in harmony with our industrial and political methods and meets the approval of a large number of practical people.

In the average church in the West, we find things about as follows. About one-tenth of the population is included in the membership of the churches. At ordinary church services about one-half the membership is in attendance. The Bible School is more largely attended than the church service. The Ladies' Aid Society is large and vigorous. Many members are seldom seen at church. The Missionary Society is weak. The Young Peoples' Societies are quite vigorous. The Prayer meeting attendance is very small. At special musicals, at Easter, Children's Day and Christmas exercises, there is standing room only. Entertainments and suppers are well attended. This is a fair picture of our more properous churches. The Bible School is modeled after the public school and great emphasis is laid upon the practical end of moral education. This appeals strongly. Music and entertainment are popular. The prayer meeting has almost purely spiritual significance and few care for it. Fine weather means empty seats at all services.

There are exception to this rule. Every city of considerable size has a popular church where seats are at a premium. It is often down-town. Hundreds pass by the struggling mission churches, pay carfare to go down to Dr. So and So's church. Here are expensive pipe organs, chimes, salaried choir and a minister who is a "drawing card." He may be a man of strong and pleasing personality, and of great ability as an orator. Or he may have great brain power, brilliant sparkling, dramatic, or, he may be a genius or freak of great versatility, keeping his ear to the ground, dealing with popular themes and making an appeal as an extremist of either the liberal or conservative type. As a rule, people who desire real spiritual uplift and service, find a less pretentious place of worship and are not disappointed. While the church tramps, strangers, floaters, and social climbers, make a mad rush to hear Dr. So and So. Strange as it may seem, there is a nucleus of stand-bys in such a church, who teach in the Bible School, support the prayer meeting and pay the bills. Usually when the preacher resigns the congregation vanishes. The church is like a pile of sand.

You will say, "this is a very hopeless and discouraging picture of the churches of today." On the contrary, the church is the most hopeful, progressive, and vital agency in the world, today. It is the only institution in the world that appreciates the value of the spiritual, as an element of uplift. The fact that we can see our own short comings, is one of the most encouraging signs. The "sand pile" gathered about a strong human personality, only needs the spiritual cement which had been partially lacking, and usually survives. A real church is hard to kill. Spiritually it is the latest and most perfect flower of human development It is a pearl of great price. Human history would present

a dark and forbidding aspect indeed, were it not for the Christian Church that shines like a beacon and gives new life to men out of the travail and pain of despair. It is the receptical of perennial spiritual energies, which are germinal and were never more nascent. They are the cause of our discontent. If the church were a mere benevolent, educational, social, fraternal, recreational or reformatory agency, we could not hope for its persistence. It is all of these and more. The church is the Body of Christ because it is the embodiment of his spirit. The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit. Socialism, fraternalism, humanitarianism and culture are some of the fruits of spiritual life, not ends in themselves. The possession of the Spirit is what constitutes a church, and distinguishes it from other bodies. Two or three gathered together in the Name and Spirit of Christ, is a church. It is founded upon the rock truth that "Jesus is the Christ the Son of the living God." "The gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

We think that we are living in an age of materialism and religious declension. True but this charge has been made against every age. Elijah supposed that he alone had not bowed the knee to Baal. Even Jesus called his contemporaries "an evil and adulterous generation." But it was an improvement on those that had preceeded. A few people were prepared to recognize and receive the Christ. When we think that the tide is at low ebb, that is precisely the time to prepare for its flow. In the "good old times" the churches were filled with people. But we have ten times as many churches today in proportion to the population. There are too many churches. A century ago one person in thirteen was a professed Christian. Today the proportion is one in three. We have recently celebrated the centenary of our first Foreign Missionary Society. Its income was less than a thousand dollars. The income of more than forty such societies aggregates tens of millions. In spite of the swan songs we read in the magazines, the statistical reports given in 1910, covering the preceeding fifteen years, showed that all the leading denominations had gained in excess of the rate of increase in our population, notwithstanding an annual immigration of a million a year, including many Jews. The city population has made phenomenal growth, but the church membership has more than kept pace. We hear that the working man is alienated from our churches. Many are not in the churches, it is true, neverless most of the church membership is composed of working men and women. It may be said with equal truth that the rich are not in our churches. Many are not. A few are. It is also said that fraternal orders are better attended by men than the churches. My experience teaches me that unless a banquet is served or a funeral calls them out, few men attend lodge. There are more men in church many times over than you will ordinarily find in a lodge and mostly the same men. Our increase of wealth has been great. But it is not necessarily an indication of materialism. "To be carnally **minded** is death." The carnal mind may dwell in poverty and be consumed by the love of money. One reason why the prayer meeting is more sparsely attended is the fact that our young people are gathered into Christian Endeavor Societies which meet at a more convenient time. In my own church three times as many attend these meetings as the mid-week service. In the palmiest days of the old fashioned prayer-meeting there were not half as many in prayer meetings as now.

Let us revert to the conditions in New Testament times. The gospel and epistles give us a picture of a world that was very religious. This is true of both Jews and Pagans. The former made religion their chief business and the latter deified everything in heaven and on earth. But amid all this show of religion, Jesus condemned the most religious of all, the Pharisees. We should have thought that when the Christ appeared , he would have been eagerly embraced by all these religionists. He was a man of great spiritual power who spoke as never man spoke on religious themes. He taught and exemplified the most exalted moral and religious truths. He was the incarnation of Divine Love and Mercy. Not a fault or sin could be found in his life. He was straightway driven out of Jerusalem. He was then eagerly sought by the common people, because they supposed that he was taking their part against their rulers. For a while he was immensly popular. Then suddenly they deserted him in a body. They wished to crown him King. He refused, knowing that they only desired an earthly ruler who could feed and care forthem without labor on their part. Twelve men only of the multitude remained. He devoted himself to them and a few others during the remaining months of his ministry. After the tragedy of his death and the glory of his resurrection there were one hundred and twenty who believed. These disciples, few in number may be divided into four classes. On the outer fringe were men like Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, Zachaeus and Lazarus, warm sympathizers and ready to help in a crisis. Just within this circle were a few women who ministered to him, the first Ladies' Aid Society. They stood far off at the crucifixion beholding Him. Martha was one type who emphasized practical service. Another type was Mary, her sister, who hungered after truth. Mary Magdalene was of the emotional temperament. Within this circle was a smaller group of men. These had followed him from place to place, had heard his teaching and had been given some work to do. Finally there was an innermost circle consisting of only three men, who had been permitted to accompany him in his devotions and deeper spiritual experiences. This was the prayer meeting element numbering one in forty of the original one hundred and twenty of the Jerusalem church. They were the spiritual pillars supplying the chief strength of the life of the first Christians. The wonder is that even three such men could be found, who could appreciate the meaning of deeper spiritual fellowship. Why should we think it strange that the number is small of those who enter deeply into the Spirit of Christ and are intensly in earnest concerning vital matters? The Master understood the difficulty when he said "Many are called but few are select." Paul draws the distinction clearly between two classes of Christians, the carnal and the spiritual. It requires faith only as a grain of mustard seed to save one's self. But to cast out demons, to inspire other lives, this cometh only by prayer. Faith that saves, is co-operative. "When Jesus saw their faith he said to the sick of the palsy", I say unto thee arise."

The task of developing the spiritual life of our churches is by far the most important of all our problems as ministers and church workers. Upon the genuineness of the spirituality of our membership depends all real progress.

They need not all be deeply spiritual in order to do good work but there must be a few to start with. Like leaven in the meal through the contact of Christian fellowship they will leaven the whole loaf. This spiritual principle is clearly taught by Jesus. Sometimes a church is organized, composed entirely of carnal Christians. They can't pray, testify or teach, but can do social service and help pay the bills. The pastor of such a church requires a double portion of grace. It will be heartbreaking work. The spiritual burden will rest upon him alone. He will need often to depart into a desert place to pray. Many a night will be sleepless because of the heavy burden of his responsibility. He will know the meaning of Gethsemane and Calvary. Again you will find a church where there are a few spiritual Christians, but the carnal element in the church and in the community is so numerous that the effect is like a wet blanket. The Spirit is well nigh quenched. There is a smudge. Under these circumstances the fire needs fanning, the live coals brought close together and if the work is persistent, a spiritual heat will break through. A good series of evangelistic meetings will often have telling effect. I have seen such a church permanently revived and a large number of the worldly element transformed into praying, spiritual Christians. A Pentecost was the one thing needful for the Jerusalem Church before they could make even a beginning in the colossal task of evangelizing the world.

The Savior, in his teaching, has given us some very definite principles and warnings. A devotional study of the Sermon on the Mount will reveal full directions concerning the growth of the Spiritual Life of the Kingdom. The Beatitudes, beginning with "Blessed are the poor in Spirit," and ending with, "Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness sake," are a complete outline of the progressive Christian experience, and are given in true psychological order. The functions of the religious community are set forth clearly by the figures of "salt" and "light." To save, and to enlighten is the work of the Kingdom. The morality of the Kingdom is of the strictest inward purity. Christianity is morally narrow and can be nothing else in the nature of the case. Too much emphasis is being placed upon our being "broad." A pastorate of broad teaching morally and theologically will have much difficulty with the spiritual life of the people. "Broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many are they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate and straitened the way that leadeth unto life, and few are they that find it." However strictness in morals should not be confounded with narrowness of sympathy, charity and love, even toward opponents. Moral strictness applies to our own personal conduct, not to our judgment of others. The sword of the Spirit needs a narrow edge, and nothing can reduce spiritual effectiveness like loose morals. You can't expect much spiritual life to be manifested by those who see no harm in dancing, or in playing cards for prizes. Lack of moral sensitiveness is not in any sense a sign or spirituality, any more than lack of feeling indicates health. There are plenty of dull people who lack feeling. They are not highly organized. Or they may be partially or wholly paralyzed. The sensitive soul can scent moral danger at a distance.

Insincerity and hypocrisy are terrible obstacles to spirituality. Pipe organs and rich ceremonial cannot take the place of moral and spiritual fervor in preaching. To be seen of men was the motive of the Pharisees. They became whited sepulchres, filled with dead men's bones. The selfish accumulation of wealth is equally destructive. This applies not only to money and property, but to any selfish aim or ambition which makes secondary the attainment of the Spiritual Kingdom. The "Seek ye First" of Christ is a self evident law, for, what we seek first we find, and become in the finding, like unto it. The minister of Christ who goes into real estate speculation will surely lose his spiritual grip. The layman who allows his business to consume his time and energy to the neglect of the means of grace, and of Christian service, can never be spiritual. "He that saveth his life shall lose it." In this wonderful sermon Jesus next mentions the **critical spirit.** There is a kind of moral sensitiveness which is blind to its own short comings but very keen to those of other people. This spirit of criticism in a church will kill spiritual progress. It may be in the pulpit. A nagging preacher will find plenty of opportunity to nag. A critical congregation will discover much to criticize. It is said that a member of a small Congregational church in Brooklyn was once asked why its neighbor, the Bushwick Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church was so active and successful, while they were standing still. She answered, "We spend all our time criticizing the pastor, sermons, choir and one another, while our neighbor is busy gathering the children into the Sunday school." In passing, we might observe that the critical method of Bible study is almost equally barren of spiritual fruits. It may dig up some mouldy history or find some old literary methods, or settle some questions of authorship and the like. This is useful. But upon the whole it is like applying a chemical test to a great painting, dissecting a lily and finding it made of mud, or preparing slides from the mummy of a saint to study the histology of his soul. Such post-mortem examination may, perhaps, be safely held in a seminary. Its chief value is to reveal the vanity of the critical method in seeking spiritual development. It is a kind of vaccination against theological smallpox later on. The higher critic preacher is a false prophet who tries to feed his hungry congregation on husks. The Bible is truly the inspired word of God. But it needs an inspired soul for its understanding and use. The fruits of higher criticism in the pulpit, as a substitute for the Gospel, are dead churches. "Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

The wise pastor builds his church upon the Rock, Christ Jesus, and not upon the sand of some passing religious fad. He builds into it his own soul. He binds it firmly together with Christian love. He warms it from the fire of his evangelistic zeal. He lights it with prayer. Its towers are the eternal truths of God's revelation, and from its chimes, peal forth the sweet tones of salvation through faith in the Son of God. Over the door is written "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life." The floods and storms may beat upon this church and it will not fall. It is built upon a Rock.

"Is the world dark to thee?
Thyself art the reason why.
For is He not all but thou
That hast power to feel, I am I?

Darkness about thee, without thee
And thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken beams
And stifled splendor and gloom.
Speak to Him, thou, for he hears,
And Spirit to Spirit will meet
Closer is He than breathing,
Nearer than hands or feet."

A SUNDAY EVENING CLUB.
A Unique Organization In Chicago.

The unique organization is Chicago's special provision for the strangers and travelling men in the city, as well as its own residents without church affiliations and accustomed to seek diversion down town Sunday evening.

The business men of Chicago who support the club, are proud of the fact that Sunday after Sunday 3000 people, most of them men, walk past the theatre, concert halls, picture shows and other places of amusement in the Chicago "loop" to the meetings of the Sunday Evening Club to hear good music and an inspiring talk by some man of national or international reputation. The President of the United States, members of the Senate of France, members of the British Parliament, the foremost evangelist of Japan, senators, governors, judges, educators, social workers, editors, presidents of great corporations, and the most distinguished clergymen of all denominations are among the speakers who have appeared or will appear before the club.

Among the men promient in public life who have addressed the club on religious topics during the last five years are: Ex-President Taft Justice Charles E. Hughes, Vice President Thomas R Marshall of Indiana, former Governor Edward W Hoch of Kansas, former Governor J Frank Hanley of Indiana, former Governor Samuel R Van Sant of Minnesota, fomer Governor Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, former Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma. Hon. William J. Calhoun, Minister to China, Hon. John W. Gulland, M. P. London, Baron d'Estournelles De Constant, member of French Senate, Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Hon. Jomes R. Garfield, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Hon. Henry B. McFarland, Hon. John Barrett and Judge Ben. B. Lindsey.

Prominent educators who have been speakers include Dr. Henry van Dyke, of Princeton University; President E. Benjamin Andrews, of the University of Nebraska; President William Lowe Bryan, of Indiana University; President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California; President George E. Vincent, of the University of Minnesto; President Jacob G. Schurman, of Cornell University; President F. J. McConnell, of De Pauw University; President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University; Professor George Jackson, of Toronto University; Dr. Herbert Lockwood Willet, of the University of Chicago; Professor G. A. Johnston Ross, of Presbyterian College, Montreal; Dr. Edward A. Steiner, of Grinnell College, and President Hollis B. Frissell, of Hampton.

Among the authors and editors are Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of the Outlook; J. A. MacDonald, editor of the Toronto Globe; Norman Hapgood, former editor of Collier's Weekly; Erman J. Ridgway, editor of Everybody's Magazine; Hamilton Wright Mabie, associate editor of the Outlook; and Samuel McChord Crothers.

Miss Jane Addams, Jacob Riis, Robert E. Speer, Owen R. Lovejoy, Dr. Wilfred T. Greenfell, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Booker T. Washington and Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch are some of the workers for social betterment who have made stirring talks.

Many porminent clergymen have left their pulpits to address these three thousand; among them are Bishop William Quayle, of Oklahoma City; Bishop William Lawrence, of Boston; Bishop John H. Vincent, of Chicago; Bishop Charles P. Anderson, of Chicago; Bishop Charles Edward Cheney, of Chicago; Bishop William F. McDowell, of Chicago; Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Detroit; Dr. Reginald J. Campbell, of London; Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, of Brooklyn; Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulaus, of Chicago; Rev. Francis G. Peabody, of Cambridge; Rev. David J. Burrell, of New York; Rev. W. C. Bitting, of St. Louis; Rev. William Spurgeon, of London; Rev. David Ross, of Nairn, Scotland; Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, of New York; Rev. Charles Stelzle, of New York and Rev John P Jones, of Indi.a

"Big business" has had its representatives on the Sunday Evening Club platform, too, to give personal expression of their attitude and beliefs about Christian citizenship. A. C. Bartlett, Charles S. Holt, David R. Forgan, Homer A. Stillwell, Richard C. Hall, Edward P. Bailey and Seymour Morris are among those who have spoken at past meetings.

A feature of the meetings that has evoked a great deal of favorable comment is the choir of eighty trained voices, considered one of the finest musical organizations in Chicago

The club is non-sectarian, and also co-operates with all the churches of Chicago through a well-organized committee. Its chairman has a desk in the lobby of the hall, and assists strangers in forming church connections, in any part of the city, with the denomination of their choice.

The club has been maintained entirely by voluntary subscriptions and by collections taken at the meetings. Salaries are paid only to the clerical staff. The officers and trustees of the club contribute their services.

Although the capacity of Orchestra Hall is 300, it is almost always filled to capacity, and frequently hundreds have to be turned away. So effectively has the club accomplished its object—that of providing a non-sectarian religious service in Chicago's business centre for the man without a church, for the traveller, the stranger and the hotel guest—that requests have come from Boston, Rochester, Los Angeles and half a dozen smaller cities for information that would enable organizations to establish similar institutions.

OPEN THY DOORS.
By Edward Arthur Wicher.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
To ocean and sky and plain,
To shelving shore, and breakers' roar,
And the mountains that shout again.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
To the scent of the climbing rose,
To the meadow's sweep, and the drowsy sheep,
And the woodland's deep repose.

Wider, wider, my soul,
The winds through the pine tree blow.
'Tis the Word of God that moveth abroad;
And deep to deep will go.

Open thy doors, O my soul,
And the fret and pain of care,
The futile stress and the pettiness,
Will vanish into air.

A GREAT GATHERING AT POMONA.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference.

By Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn.

In the old 'rah-'rah days it used to be a source of wonder to the students at Claremont that the great Pilgrim Church of Pomona, strong and wealthy, should be willing

Pilgrim Church, Pomona.

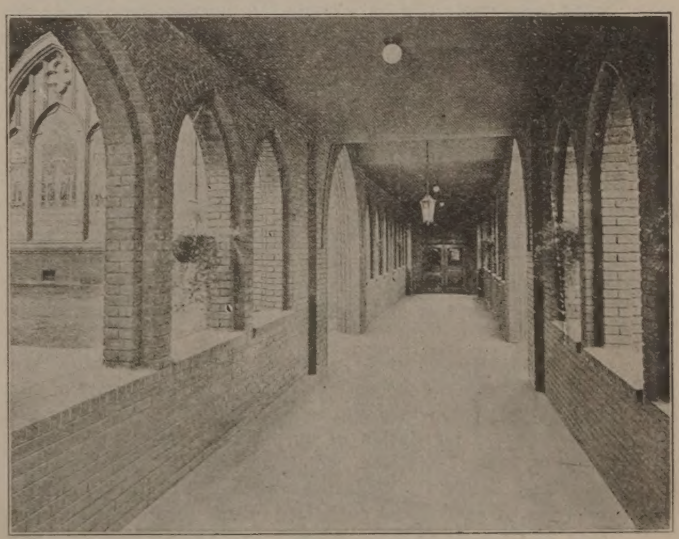
to worship in the second-rate little building it had. But when one erstwhile student swung around onto Garey street, on his way to the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Southern California Congregational Conference, automobiling by the grace of Rev. J. H. Cooper, of Santa Ana and later of Park, Los Angeles, he felt that perhaps it was a good thing for Pilgrim Church to wait until it became possible for them to build the wonderful house of worship they now have. In contrast to the little old wooden building they used so long the new building stands majestic in the beauty and dignity of its architecture. It is not merely its great size which enables it to make the impression it does, but the appearance of massivenessness and solidity which characterizes it. Scarcely a church in California can surpass it in that indefinable something we call "churchliness." And not alone in its beauty and dignity is it impressive, but in its completeness. Around an open square its different parts are arranged, the Church, Pilgrim House, the Gymnasium, etc., with a colonnade of great attractiveness stretching along the front. Altogether the words which were spoken by that well-beloved veteran, Dr. Pond, as he gazed up at the carved ceiling, seem not too strong: "I never expected to see the time when there should be such an impressive church in California."

In connection with the conference report a few cuts of the church are sent so that the readers of The Pacific may gain some idea of the fine building in which the meetings were held, and something of the admirable houses of worship our Southern California Congregationalism is building.

The Conference was convened by its Moderator, Dr. Fox of the First Church, Pasadena, on the evening of Tuesday. The sermon was a strong presentation of a theme not often heard in our Congregational circles, the After Life, by Rev. Chester Ferris of Corona, on the text, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Following this the Communion of the Lord's Supper was administered by Rev. J. H. Williams of Redlands and Rev. C. B. Sumner of Claremont.

The report of the Superintendent, given Wednesday morning, was not only most interesting but a well deserved rebuke to those prophets of evil who are to be found in our midst, seeing nothing but failure and decay in the work of the Kingdom. When one realizes that during the last year we Southern California Congregationalists have paid off the heavy debt which hung over the Conference, have organized churches at Greenfield in the Kern region, Ocean Beach near San Diego, and three, Berean, Lincoln Memorial and Grace, in Los Angeles, have revived the dead churches at Spring Valley, Moreno and Poway, have built fine new buildings at Pomona, Ontario and Lemon Grove, beside rebuilding a number of others, and to crown all have made a net increase in membership of over 1300, thus bringing our strength to over 15,000, he cannot help but feel with Supt. Larkin that we have cause to rejoice, and feel that the hand of God is with us.

Perhaps as strong a session as any in the Conference was that of Wednesday evening, when "On What Great Doctrines Ought We to Place Emphasis this Coming Year?" was discussed by four leading and typical men—George L. Marsh of Bloomington, Willard B. Thorp of First Church, San Diego, T. J. Brown of East Church, Los Angeles, and Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach. A greater contrast in method, emphasis or personality, could scarcely be found



The Colonnade.

in our order: Mr. Marsh, frail in body but strong in faith and hope, and mighty in the assurance of his high calling,

presenting the doctrine of the ever-present and loving God; Dr. Thorp, robust and positive, emphasizing the red-blooded and virile doctrines of sin and personal accountability to God; Dr. Brown, like a true son of Erin, with wit, humor

An Interior View.

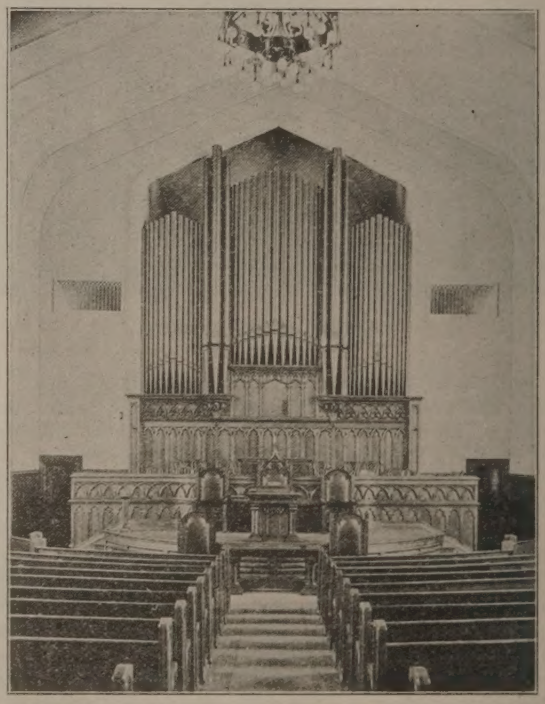
and vivacity demanding a deeper sense of reality in our preaching and scorchingly denouncing the shams which sometimes creep into our ecclesiastical and social life; and Mr. Booth, the scholar and orator, presenting that side of the religious life which is perhaps most fittingly represented by Dr. Rauschenbusch. This one meeting alone would have been enough to have made the meeting memorable, to say nothing of the strong addresses at other sessions, and at the banquet, by Dr. Fox, the retiring Moderator, Drs. Turk, Bartlett, Kenngott, Rev. Edward MacLellan, Judge Wilbur, Mrs. E. C. Norton and Mrs. C. F. Sawyer.

One of the most touching and inspiring events of the Conference was the presentation of more than twenty student volunteers from Pomona College, strong, choice young men and women, among whom was one little Chinese woman, pathetic in her broken English and her feet crippled by binding when a child, who spoke in a simple way that drew upon one's heart-strings of her love for her Fatherland, and of her desire to take to it the faith of our Lord.

The nearest approach to heated arguments during the meetings were the discussions relative to the Report of the Committee of Nineteen and to a resolution in regard to the anti-Japanese legislation of our late lamented legislature. After a lively discussion, which brought out the fact that Southern California Congregationalism will have nothing savoring of centralized authority in any form, and will not give up its historic independency, and having assured itself that the proposals of the Committee of Nineteen were innocuous, the Conference gave the report its indorsement. As to the Japanese question, after an argument which at times threatened to become lurid, the whole matter was laid on the table, but was afterward taken up and reconsidered, and after a substitute resolution had been rejected, referred to a Committee, whence presently it emerged, having suffered a most melancholy amputation of every expression but the most commonplace professions of belief in the universal brotherhood of man. Thereupon in its emasculated form it was joyously adopted.

One thing the Conference did which was worthy of all praise. For the first time in all its history of twenty-seven years it elected a layman Moderator, in the person of George W. Marston of San Diego. The man who can build up the great business he has, and who has been such a consistent friend to the work of the Kingdom, will certainly be a teacher of us ministers in the efficient running of our common interests. And not only did the Conference elect him Moderator, but as San Diego has been chosen as the place of assembly it gave him the signal honor of the right to preside over the next annual meeting in his own church.

The general feeling is that at Pomona we have had one of the best meetings in recent years, and that the churches all over this end of the state will be benefitted all through the year because of its influence.



An Interior View.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. George W. Hinman has gone to Chicago to attend the great missionary exhibit in that city.

Secretary Tenney of the American Board has been in Oregon for the last twelve days. He returns today.

The Rev. George B. Hatch, a former pastor of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, will supply the pulpit during the summer vacation of Mr. Miles, beginning June 22 and running into the early part of August.

Secretary Ewing of the Congregational Sunday-school

and Publishing Society is spending a little time on the Coast in the work of the Society. Dr. Ewing spoke in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last Sunday morning.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. Dr. House, until recently pastor of Westminster Congregational Church, Spokane, will speak on "Mental and Spiritual Healing." Dr. House has made a profound study of matters relating thereto and his address will be well worth hearing. During recent weeks Dr. House has been speaking in Southern California to large audiences, as many as 3,000 persons being in attendance at times.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Cloverdale.—Last Sunday five persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church, on confession of faith.

Nevada City.—The Rev. Josiah Sims has resigned from the pastorate at Nevada City after a service for forty years —the longest Congregational pastorate on the Pacific Coast.

Suisun.—On Sunday, May 18th, two mothers of large families were received into the church on confession, one also received baptism. A Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of twenty-one young people, has just been organized and promises to be an important factor in the work of the church. A full supply of fine new hymn books is just installed this month, and the church and congregation will take delight in the use of one of the best hymn books published. The Congregational singing and responsive reading in this church is always exceedingly good, and both will now be greatly improved.

JOINT MISSIONARY MEETING.

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California and theNorthern Branch of the W. B. M. P. will hold the June meeting at Niles Congregational church, Thursday, June fifth.

Sessions: 10:45 a. m., 1:30 p. m. Addresses by Rev. H. Paul Douglas, D. D., national secretary of the American Association, Mrs Ray Frederic Carter, and others.

Train leaves First and Broadway, Oakland, 9:36 a. m. When buying tickets, secure certificates from station agent. If fifty persons are in attendance, the Southern Pacific R. R. will give one-third return fare to all points on their lines.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle.—The Rev H. F. Burgess began work with the Fauntleroy Park Church on Sunday, May the 11th. He will move to Seattle at an early date.

Seattle, Plymouth.—The following statistics were prepared after the new church ediffice had been in use one year: Days open, 365; meetings held, 740; total attendance, 151,000; meals served, 12,280 (one visitor called the dining room the "religious Waldorf-Astoria of America". This does not include "teas" or "light refreshments." To these may be added 40 out of door gatherings with 1,600 attending, and (estimated) gatherings in homes, 50 with 1,000 attending. And yet some people think the church does nothing except on Sunday, and very little then!

OREGON LETTER.

.... By George H. Himes.

Rev. D. V. Poling, D.D., who accepted a call to Pilgrim Church of this city some time ago to serve three months, has rendered such efficient service that an unanimous call was recently extended to him to become the permanent pastor of the church, and the call has been accepted.

At the communion service in the First Church last Sunday nine new members were added to the church roll.

An appeal was made by Dr. Dyott for a collection to aid in the rebuilding of one of the Congregational Churches in Omaha which was destroyed by the tornado a few weeks ago, and the response was a most liberal one.

Rev. Edward A. Harris, of the Riverside Congregational Church, Hood River, tendered his resignation early in the past week, to take effect on December 31st. Mr. Harris is an able preacher, a good pastor, and it is hoped that he will find a good location some where in Oregon.

In the person of Rev. Frank W. Gorman, pastor, the Atkinson Memorial Congregational Church has a good singer as well as a pastor. He took the lead a few weeks ago in working up lively interest in a concert, and the response was so cordial that the funds so secured were almost enough to complete the payment of the expense incurred in fitting up the basement for an overflow Sunday-school room, as well as a very convenient and much needed place for the social functions of the Church. This room affords a good place for the meeting of the Brotherhood of the church, the organization of which was effected a few weeks ago.

By a majority vote of 222 in a vote of 33,906, 22,960 on the east side of the Willamette river and 10,946 on the west side, Portland adopted the commission form of city government. Unfortunately, less than one half of all entitled to vote cast a ballot. A full list of city officials was mentioned, but the adoption of the commission form makes their nomination null and void. Another election will be held June second to elect a mayor, city auditor and four commissioners. No one can be a candidate for any office except upon the nomination of one hundred registered voters, each one to be sworn to that effect by a notary public. No one can file as a candidate for office later than May 12th, and from the present outlook there will be at least half a dozen candidates for mayor, perhaps three for auditor and possibly fifty for commissioners. The salary of mayor is $6,000, auditor and comissioners, $5,000.

Unfortunately, to a considerable extent, the seekers after official position under the new form of city government, so far as they have secured the necessary signatures to nominate them, do not appear to be regarded very highly by the public at large. This fact has resulted in the appointment of a committee of one hundred composed of well known men of high character, irrespective of previous political affiliations and representing the religious, moral,, educational and business interests of the city, to tactfully suggest a number of candidates for each position out of the large number of nominations which are expected to be filled. The object of this movement is to eliminate, as far as can be, those candidates who are known to be "undesirable." It is also proposed to publish the record of all candidates as fully as they

can be secured. The chairman of this committee is Rev. U. A. Morrison, D.D., rector of Trinity Protestant Church. Rev. Dr. Dyott is a member of the committee.

Friday, May 2d, was the seventieth anniversary of the founding of the first American government in the Pacific Northwest, more than that, the first on the Pacific coast. The site of this act on the part of 102 persons, practically the whole population of Oregon at that time, was the village of Champoeg, about 32 miles south of the city of Portland. This action on May 2, 1843, grew out of the necessity for some form of organized civil government to be controlled by citizens of the United States; and this "necessity" never occurred to the handful of American citizens in Oregon until, one of their number, Ewing Young died on February 12, 1841. He had property and it was rumored that he had an heir, but no one knew where he was. Hence an emergency was created. Young was the first American to die in the "Oregon Country" who was known to possess property. It must be disposed of in some way.

Then the few persons there decided to organize a probate court and appoint an administrator. The following is the text of the certificate of appointment:

"I. L. Babcock, Judge of Probate hath appointed David Leslie administrator of the affairs of the late Ewing Young, yeoman, deceased, intestate, late resident in the Willammet Settlement.

"April 15th, 1841. George W. LeBreton, Clerk."

In due time the property, amounting to something over $3,500, was disposed of, and the proceeds safely invested, and several years later paid to the heir, with accured interest.

Portland, May 11, 1913.

The Home.

RECALLING JOHN FISKE.

The marriage recently in Boston of a daughter of the late John Fiske recalls to a resident of that city some experiences in the life of that noted man. We condense from the Transcript:

The courtship, the marriage and the domestic life of John Fiske were so completely blended with what is finest and best in his writings, that when the story of his life is told, it will be seen that his affections were so interwoven with his intellectual gift as to give that fine poetic quality to his writings which is one of their greatest charms.

Of his romantic courtship a full record remains in his letters. Briefly told the story is this: His first meeting with Abby Morgan Brooks of Petersham was in Cambridge, where she was visiting in June, 1861, just as his sophomore year at Harvard was closing. They had perhaps a half-hour's conversation. The interview made so deep an impression that he expressed a wish to continue the acquaintance on his return to college in the autumn. On coming back, in September, he learned that Miss Brooks was preparing to go to Chicago to spend the winter. He decided on prompt action. He would make a pilgrimage to Petersham and solicit the favor of a correspondence. Accordingly he obtained a leave of absence from the college for the ostensible purpose of seeking a school for teaching during the winter; and on Friday the thirteenth of September, 1861, he set out for Petersham by way of Athol, a journey which involved a nine-mile tramp afoot at its close. It was a tramp which revealed to him the beauties of Petersham, the place which he subsequently came to love above all other places on the earth, and which was to be his final resting place.

Considering all that flowed from it in the way of rich domestic experience, of inspiration to high literary achievement, there is hardly a more poetic incident in all literature than this instinctive, high-minded quest of young Fiske on a brilliant September day over half a century ago. To Fiske himself in all his subsequent years the 13th of September was cherished as a memorable anniversary in his calendar of notable days in his experience.

After a consideration extending over several months his proposal of a correspondence was assented to by Miss Brooks, and a few months after they became engaged. Three years later they were married in Appleton Chapel at Harvard. It was the first mariage to take place there.

An incident connected with the early period of young Fiske's courtship if of historic as well as of biographical interest. At this period the question of Darwinism was a subject of public discussion hardly second in importance to our great Civil War. In the undergraduate life at Harvard the discussion of Darwinism was taboo, as were all liberal scientific ideas generally. Fiske was a free thinker and a pronounced Darwinian, and at the time of his Petersham pilgrimage he was engaged in writing an article on Buckle, one of the emminent thinkers of that day, for one of the quarterly magazines.

In October, as he was finishing this article with Miss Brooks much in his mind, he was caught one Sunday in an inconspicuous place in church, quietly reading. He had for some time been a "suspect' by reason of his pronounced Darwinian views, and for this misconduct he was promptly summoned before the factulty and charged with gross infidelity, and with a desire to cast insult on the Christian religion. He frankly apologized for his misconduct in church and said it was thoughtless and without the slightest intention to cast disrespect on religious observances. He did not deny his Darwinian views. Some of the faculty wished him expelled. He received an "admonition," accompanied with the threat that if in the future he was detected in disseminating his heretical views among the students, he would be immediately expelled from college—expelled for holding the very views that eight years later he was called to the college to expound under its official auspices.

This threatned expulsion came the very week during which he finished his Buckle article, which, after its publication, was greatly praised for its fine scholarship, and its keen moral insight into the philosophic problems of the time. In opening his correspondence with Miss Brooks, he had the pleasure of sending her a copy of his Buckle article then just published, and of telling her that she was much in his thought while writing it.

John Fiske had a domestic life of great richness and fulness. It was the centre around which his whole intellectual life revolved. Into this domestic phase of his life he poured the richest treasures of his mind through his letters, wherein descriptions of nature, of architecture, painting and sculpture and music are so blended with personal descriptions or characterizations as to be a very material contribution to the critical and biographical literature of the time. His personal descriptions of Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Lyall, Lewes, George Eliot and others of the great group of scientists and thinkers of the middle period of the last century are pen portraits of these sovereigns of modern thought, the like of which no one else has given.

But perhaps the finest attestation to the sweet tenderness of John Fiske's domestic nature is shown in his dedications in the two little volumes which have endeared him to many thinking minds whose thoughts turn to the great problems of existence—his "Destiny of Man" and his "Idea of God.' The dedication of the first is this:

To my children
Maud, Harold, Clarence, Ralph
Ethel and Herbert
this essay
is lovingly dedicated.

The dedication of the other volume is as follows:

In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple-tree on the hillside, when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths, and talked of the things since written in this book.

To my Wife.

Then followed in Greek, what in English would read:

Silver and gold have I none,
What I have I give to thee.

In these little volumes, in a style of wonderful beauty, John Fiske has presented his views of the ultimate meanings of human life; and in their dedication, we have an indication of what in this life was dearest to him—his wife and his children.

A TALK WITH PARENTS.

There comes a time in the life of the growing boy which is a very important phase in his physical well-being, and it is a time which parents should be prepared to meet, and meet honestly. It is when the child becomes a boy, and is crossing the rainbow bridge that leads to manhood. It is a simple matter, really, if parents would only face it simply; the physiological law is revealing itself in the boy; he is facing the mysteries of life, which tempt and tantalize him, and is disquieted by "deep inquiries into the rudiments of men and nature," and curiosity to know "the possiblities of existence." But this is just the point at which parents most unfortunately and commonly fail. Proper reticence has become exaggerated to a perverted modesty which ignores the crowning purpose of our physical nature, and sacrifices high interests to save a morbid sense of propriety.

Parents should remember that the curiosity of the boy to know the mysteries of life is right and proper and must be satisfied, for in wanting to know he is simply expressing the law of his being. They must remember, too, that the boy himself is shy and sensitive, and afraid to speak of things so intimate. If they have been friends with him from the first it will be easy to forestall his curiosity by telling him what he ought to know, and once the way is open he will come with his questionings. His inquiries will be "fiery and innocent," but unless they be met fully and simply he will make up for it by surreptious and unsavory talk with his companions, and may be led astray.

The Mysteries of Life Should Be Taught at Home.

There are good people who think that character is produced, like a reaction in a test tube, by the elements of knowledge that are put into boy—that you can teach religion and morality by filling your boy with facts. And so there is an effort just now to make the difficult and delicate matters I have been speaking of the subject of instruction in the schools, and we have an influx of books which treat of these questions. Such people forget the imperious demomentous consequences which are involved. The proposition to introduce such instruction in the schools, though sire which lies at the bottom of the whole matter and the well intended, is monstrous, for it violates the proper reticence which should guard the mysteries of life, and the best that can be said of the books (I have it on the authority of an eminent physician) is that the few which are not wholly pernicious may be useful only in the hands of parents.

The boy can be properly taught what he ought to know only in the intimate confidence of one whom he loves and respects. The father may do much and the boy may learn much at his father's side. At the same time I feel that he should learn first at his mother's knee, for knowledge so acquired will be sanctified beyond all fear of stain.

We see today more plainly than ever before that health any physical development must hold first place in the training of boys—not first in value, but first in importance—because health and strength are essential to efficiency and character.

There are some parents, of course, who have wisdom and common-sense, and may be trusted to do the right thing for their boys in the right way. But at the other end of the line are the thoughtless majority, who are too ignorant or lazy, or have no fair chance to do anything for their boy; they dump their responsibilities on the schools, and hence the schools are adjusting themselves to bear the burden. Between these two extremes are the nervous, active, superficial parents who take up with every health fad, buy every new breakfast food, and swathe their boys in the very latest thing in underwear—because "it's so hygienic, you know." Such people are the despair of sensible doctors, and the joy of unscrupulous specialists who profit by their alarms. They will talk of microbes and "food values" and gravel subsoils all in one breath, and seem to think that if their boy he fitted with spectacles, have his "adenoids" out, his teeth straightened, his feet set up and his appendix removed he will come straight into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Train Your Boys To Think Of Wholesome Things...

Now boys must be watched, of course, and with all care, and must be fed aright, and must have proper exercise for the development of their bodies; but the less they know about their insides the better, or about disease, until they are old enough to understand. Their little world is full of mysteries and dark corners, and the mother who is always fluttering over them with nervous suggestions and vague alarms is filling their world with horrors, and peopling its dark corners with hobgoblins to torment them. In spite of the health faddists and food theorists, who would have us believe that health is a rare condition which the elect alone can hope to attain, it remains true, happily, that it is our normal state. The boy should always be given the benefit of the doubt in matters of health, and however carefully be may be watched, however faithfully he may be safeguarded he has the right to be allowed, and should be encouraged, to think himself well until he is proved to be otherwise. A mania for health fads is itself a disease; in fact, it might almost be called an infectious disease, because the healthy imagination is so readily inflamed and infected by the one who is afflicted with this mania. The danger of this infection is always imminent and pressing with children because their imaginations are so easily affected, and are so prone to run riot with things which horrify them; they will hear things which they should not in spite of every precaution, and the duty of parents is therefore all the more imperative to keep all theories of health and discussion of symptoms to themselves, and to train

their boys to think of wholesome and stimulating things. The sick boy who thinks himself well is easily handled, but the well boy who thinks himself sick, or going to be sick, is a difficult subject to deal with.

The gravity of the danger to boys that has arisen with the present popularizing of what are called "health topics" is appreciated by every one who has charge of many boys. A young doctor who has had a long experience in a great city hospital where many boys of the rougher sort are brought—boys who know nothing of health beyond enjoying it—says that it is a common experience to have a boy brought in with such a thing as an open scalp wound, who will have the wound dressed, the flap replaced, and take his twenty-five or thirty stitches without a word or a murmur, and then jump up and run off, saying: "When shall I come again, Doc?" On being put in charge of a company of boys in better circumstances this doctor, was staggered to find how easily the boys were "thrown off their feed" if they happened to be ailing, and how often ailments were duplicated; a chance word might bring the first boy who had a pain "in the usual place" down with imaginary appendicitis, and if he mentioned pneumonia some boy with a cold in his head would be lying awake half the night waiting for the symptoms to appear. A little wholesome frankness swept the cobwebs from the minds of these particular boys for the time being, but their sensitiveness to morbid suggestion was a real and pressing danger.

A personal experience will emphasize the point: a boy who was with me recently—a big, stout lad of seventeen—asked me one day to lend him a clinical thermometer. I found that he had been brought up in an atmosphere of anxious and unwholesome thought about his health and had been allowed to take his own temperature and test his pulse on the slightest occasion. The habit of making these tests had led him to think about his heart until he was in morbid fear of straining it, and he shrank from any exertion that would quicken his pulse or his breathing. The natural consequence was that, instead of being strong and active, he was weak and inert.

Parents Should Learn More and Talk Less About Hygiene.

It comes down to this: that in all efforts for the health of boys zeal must be tempered by common-sense or it will defeat itself, and may induce an unfitness even more serious than the one which it is trying to obviate. Practically the trouble is due to the indiscriminating avidity with which people snatch at scientific results even before they are attained, and to the general and deplorable lack of scientific knowledge. The boy is not a mere physical organism, but a sentiment, self-conscious being; and so he cannot be cut, trimmed, trained and fed to perfection like a plant, with no regard to himself. Consider him as a bundle of emotions rather than a physical mechanism, and the point will be clear—that whatever may be done for him the first thought must be for the effect on his emotions, or the best-laid plans will fail.

To learn more and talk less is a good rule for parents in matters of hygiene. If they will adjure all talk about disease and avoid all scrappy reading of "health topics," and all fads and systems, and will, instead, study some authoritative scientific manual of the subject at issue, and will supplement what they learn in this way by a good admixture of common-sense, they will obviate the dangers I have spoken of. But though common-sense and an accurate knowledge of a few scientific acts will keep parents from the worst mistakes, and enable them to avoid ordinary difficulties, they should not presume on their knowledge, but be ready always to consult a competent and wise physician. It is all the rage just now to run to a specialist when the boy has "a throat" or a pain, but the habit is as ill advised as it is expensive, because the specialist, whose life has been given mainly to the study of one part or function of the body, is in danger of having an eye only to that part, so that he will not see the whole boy whose health is at stake. The wonderful work of the specialist can hardly be overrated, but his service, after all, is supplementary to that of the general physician. The man who knows the whole boy is the one to go to when you need advice or your boy is ailing; consult your family physician when there is need, and let him say whether you shall take your boy to a specialist.

An intelligent person may learn from books all that it is necessary to know about nutrition, and food values, and ventilation, and the more important facts about the transmission of the commoner diseases. And if he have discretion to choose only sound books—that is, books which confine themselves to facts, and are not written to exploit particular fads or theories or opinions—he will find his path clear and the way comparatively easy, because the essential points in all these matters are now within the jurisdiction of science, and are no longer matters of opinion.

What is Best to Make Our Boys Strong.

So far as physical development is concerned, then, the question comes down to one of ways and means—of what is best to do for our boys to make them strong. Let them play outdoors, of course, for that is Nature's way of training boys; but it is not enough to leave them free to play or not as they choose; because a great many boys have no real chance to play, and a surprisingly large number will not play vigorously even if they have the chance. The father who would have his boy grow strong, then, must first see that he has the chance to play, and then induce him to make the most of the chance. And if he will remember that a boy at first has nothing to stimulate him to action but imitation, and that imitation is developed into emulation by competition, it will be hardly necessary to tell him that the way to induce a boy to play vigourously and profitably is to help him to find companions, so that he may become one of a little company or group of boys who can be trusted to play together; and then, occasionally, to play himself with him and his friends, so as to hold them up and set the pace.

But playing is not always enough to keep a boy fit even if he has a good chance to play, and it is often impossible to provide any chance at all for a city boy. To meet these conditions, and as a substitute for a supplement to the natural order of outdoor play, physical training has been introduced in the schools, and outing classes are conducted for those who can afford them. Both are good—indeed, every boy should have regular, systematic physical training, in school or out, whether he has a chance to play outdoors or not, because the training will exercise him all over, while in play he will probably work hardest with muscles that are strongest, and eschew just the sort of exercise he most needs. But classes of any kind are, after all, not to be compared with what a man can do himself for his boy if he will. Put your boy through his physical exercises yourself, is the best word for fathers, and make up an outing class of your own of your boy and his friends, and you will hav eyour reward.

This is not the place to discuss the question of athletics, but I will say this: Try to train your boy's muscles yourself. Then when he reaches the age at which he may go in

for the more strenuous forms of athletics—such as football, rowing or running—have him examined to see that he is sound, and be sure that he will be properly trained; then if you will allow him to try for his team—or make him do so if he is reluctant—you will have done him a service for which he will be glad as long as he lives. And if you have brought him up to be manly and right-minded he will get nothing but good from his athletics, and he will do his part in bringing good to others.—Henry Richards.

For The Children.

POLLY: A TRUE STORY.

Polly had been a prisoner for sixty years when I first knew her. Polly had not behaved badly: she was just a poor, old, lonelyvery lonely—gray parrot with a red tail, and without a single friend in the world.

Polly had had several owners and several cages. The owners were all alike in this: they provided her with such water and food as they considered good for a parrot, and ocasionally they cleaned out her cage; but the prisons were all alike in having strong bars, so that, try as she would, Polly could never make a way out. It was strange she never gave up hope of breaking through those bars, but she never did; and day after day and hour after hour she would pull them with her strong beak, and bite them, and even twist and bend them in her efforts to get through.

People who are always shut up not only get ill, but also get bad-tempered. It was the same with Polly. Her temper was so bad that, if you put a finger near her cage, she would dart her head through the bars and bite that finger till it bled.

When she was just over her sixtieth birthday, she found a friend; and who should it be but a great, strong, noisy schoolboy! Polly's mistress came to pay a long visit to this schoolboy's mother, and she brought Polly with her. That day, when the schoolboy raced into the house with his two brothers, he was astonished to hear ugly screams coming from the kitchen. His mother told him a parrot was making the noise, and she had screamed so much they had to carry her down to the kitchen and cover her cage with a duster.

Polly hated her cage, and she hated the duster, and she was so angry that she was biting the duster into dozens of holes. I think, perhaps, the big schoolboy was so fond of freedom himself that he pitied the lonely parrot. At any rate he whipped off the duster, and he said, "What a jolly bird!"

Polly stood quite still, and turned a wicked eye on the boy.

"Don't go too near," said the mother. "She bites."

"But, mother," said the schoolboy, "the book we read at school says parrots like you to scratch their heads, and you have to say 'Scratch a poll, Polly,' and then you scratch, and I'm going to do it." Before his mother could stop him, the schoolboy's hand was inside the cage, though the cage door, and, before the astonished Polly could bite, her gray head was being gently scratched!

Never in all her sixty years had Polly met anything like it. People never came near to her, they used to get away from her. Here was some one not afraid of her—some one who had actually come inside of her lonely prison. Polly was delighted. She did not think of biting: she simply waited with her head held down, and, when the boy began to draw away his hand, instead of darting viciously at it with her beak, she opened and shut her wings, and made queer, soft little noises in her throat, as though she was talking to him. He did not seem a bit surprised, and said,—

"She is a jolly bird, and it is all bosh about her temper."

Polly's mistress said, "I never dare give her a bath, because I should have to put my hand through her cage door to lift it in, and she would bite my hand; but I can give her seed and drinking water from the outside."

The schoolboy very much enjoyed his bath each morning, and he thought it was hard upon Polly she could not have one, too.

"I'll give her a bath," he said, and he borrowed an old pie dish, and filled it with water, and opened the door, and put it in. Polly was delighted! The dish was white like her seed-dish, so she was not frightened; and, with this wonderful friend standing by her, and whistling a tune to her to encourage her, she came down from her perch and had a great bath. I cannot tell you when she had one before; at any rate she did the thing well this time, for she sent the water in showers outside her cage; and she splashed the boy, and the plates on the dresser, and some people say she splashed the ceiling, too.

The boy only laughed, and said: "Just look at that! Isn't she happy?"

Then, when Polly looked the strangest, wettest, thinnest object you ever set your eyes on, the boy took the bath away, and carried the cage out of the kitchen into the glorious sun. This was an event! Never had she been out of a house before, except when she went a journey, and then her cage was thickly covered with a green-baize cover, so that she could not see anything.

Now the dripping Polly could dry herself in the sun, and see the trees, and feel the soft wind. Polly was delighted!

She took little short runs up and down her perch. She whistled. She called. She preened her wet feathers. And presently she dried into a clean, sleek, handsome bird.

Next day, before the boy went to school, he said: "Parrots love to sharpen their beaks by tearing wood to pieces on the trees as they fly about. I shall give Polly a stick of firewood to play with."

So he brought a thick stick and opened the cage door, and scratched her poll, and stroked her soft back, and then gently handed her the stick. Polly had once been terrified of sticks, as one of her owners used cruelly to poke her with one, but already she loved this boy and trusted him. She gently nibbled his finger and kept making those soft little notes in her throat as if she were talking to babies, and presently she took the stick from him. Once more Polly was delighted! She stood on one leg and held the stick in her other claw, and she tore it all into shreds and spent a very busy, happy morning over it.

Now began a new life for poor Polly. The schoolboy taught her to whistle tunes and to repeat whole sentences: he gave her fruits and seeds she had never had before, and a bath every day. When his step sounded outside in the garden, Polly heard it before anyone. We used to say: "Look! Polly hears Selwyn coming." She would crouch very low on her perch, stretch out her neck, and all her feathers would lie down quite flat; her wings would be spread a little, and she would begin a series of long shrill whistles which the boy would begin to answer at once before he got into the house. We used to say, "Listen! Sel and Polly are talking to each other."

When Polly's mistres went away, she gave Polly to the friend she had found. The schoolboy could not be content

to let her stay in her prison. "She must come out a part of every day," he said. At first he used to leave the cage door open and call her, and she would quickly follow him, but she could not fly. Her wings had been folded so long, she had lost the power of using them.

She could walk, and she did, folowing after him wherever he went, and, if he went too fast, she would call: when he stopped and gave his hand, she would mount, and slowly, by means of bill and feet she would climb to his shoulder. When nestled close to his face like this, she was perfectly happy, and would try to feed him as mother parrots feed their young ones!

Polly's nature was not in the least changed to any one else, and I well remember she would chase the rest of the boys and girls round the room, trying to peck their legs. She never could go fast, but had a clumsy way of putting one foot over the other, and she used her bill almost like a third foot, especially in climbing.

I used to be in terror of her when she was loose.

She climbed very well indeed, especially if a cloth of curtain was hanging beside the place she wished to climb to, and she could hold this. She made great holes in everything with her sharp bill, and she would tear the legs and other parts of furniture to pieces unless she was watched. Whenever she became suddenly very quiet, we knew she was up to some mischief. She could talk and whistle and laugh, and she would sway her body to and fro, while chuckling and laughing, as though she really understood and enjoyed the joke.

He wickedest trick was to get into the coal scuttle and pitch the coal out all over the carpet! She made for the coal-scuttle directly she caught sight of it, and we had to carry it right out of the room when she was loose, or she would get into it. I believe she was really trying to take a dust-bath just as our little wild English birds do.

Poor Polly! She missed the happy natural life she was intended to have with her own mate and her little family. The boy would gladly have set her at liberty, but she could never have lived in England except as a cage bird.—M. A. Wigley, in "Little Animals' Friend."

HELPING.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it!" said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window, and saw the trouble. "One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma, "and then they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other, then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help."—Exchange.

To the drunken man no one walks straight.

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